

## THIS RACE UNIQUE FOR HIGH HONOR

Lamb and Wickham Refuse to Enter Into Mud-Slinging Scramble.

CAMPAIGN RATHER QUIET

Every Person Doesn't Seem to Know They Are Running for Congress.

"There's nae murders in the paper," plaintively complained Robbie Burns a good many years ago, when he thanked a friend in delicious verse for the loan of a periodical. Human nature was probably much the same in Burns's day as it is now. People want to read the murders.

A red-hot story of crime will sell more papers than a masterpiece on civic progress. That is why the papers give the article on some phase of the frailty of humanity the front page position. People want it.

So it is in politics. The dear public refuses to get excited over academic discussions. It wants fireworks. If Judge Wickham will optine that Captain Lamb is a traitor to his party and has betrayed its confidence, and if Captain Lamb will depict his opponent as a traitor, they will draw bigger audiences at one meeting than they have jointly or separately been able to attract since the campaign began.

**Fight for Principle.** But as both of them are mild-mannered men who fight on principle rather than on personalities, it follows that the average voter hardly knows there is a campaign going on. Perhaps nine out of ten men on the street, if asked for whom he will vote for Congress, would answer "Who runs?" If asked whether he will vote for Lamb or Wickham, the citizen will probably inquire, "What are they running for?"

While this attitude is true of the average man, it does not mean that nobody is interested. Each candidate has his quota of earnest friends, who are doing all in their power to secure the nomination in the August primary of the man of their choice. Which ever of the two men loses the game on the political checkboard, he will have some consolation in the loyalty of his friends.

Inasmuch as a poll of citizens would be largely fruitless, for the reasons given, one must turn elsewhere for a collection of dope on the alleged campaign. One source, one of the few who is taking more or less interest in the situation, it may be fairly said that the opinion to be gleaned from this class is mainly inclined to the idea that Judge Wickham is making gains with the public. What reason? He has secured a sufficient number of votes to secure the nomination is another story. As a matter of course in politics, it may be said that Captain Lamb had a number of votes to begin with, for no man can stay in Congress as long as Captain Lamb has been there without having an organization in every precinct, composed of men who admire and will support him.

Ergo, Judge Wickham has his votes to get. If he is gaining, it means that he will get votes which have been counted for his opponent. Can he get enough? This question will be answered in The Times-Dispatch on the front page on the morning of August 10.

**Went No Long Fences.** Representative Lamb himself does not wake the face of one who is lying awake nights or who is eating his heart out with the anxiety over his future. He is smiling, as affable as ever, full of solicitation for the welfare of the man on the street, the organ of the name and health of innumerable of the progeny of the men and women who make up Richmond and the counties of the Third Congressional District. Captain Lamb stayed on the job in Washington until Congress adjourned. Then he came to Richmond. Then he went out into the highways and hedges. He has been there ever since.

A study of the countenance of Judge Wickham falls to reveal the countenance of a man who considers himself defeated. In fact, a moment's conversation convinces the observer that he is talking to an individual who knows a few things. If he pursues a line of questions he will learn in another half a minute that Judge Wickham can keep his own counsel in seven or eight different languages. Whatever he knows, the candidate is not anxious to tell. But he is a newspaper reporter, of a man who has some surprises up his sleeve but absolutely declines to turn them loose.

**Up to the Voter.** Now, Judge Wickham says that Captain Lamb voted for a tariff on lumber. Captain Lamb says the same thing. So far, it will be observed, the candidates agree. Judge Wickham says that Captain Lamb should not have done this. Captain Lamb says that he should. There the voter has the issue. It is up to him.

Of course, there are other things. One of them is the personal ambition of the two men to represent that Third District in Congress. This is an entirely laudable and praiseworthy sentiment, but over such sentiments the voters are not wont to tear their shirts and fling their panamas in the streets. To get the individual interested in a republic and individual, he must be convinced that he has a personal interest in the affair. Apparently the voter in this instance is not so convinced.

There is still time. Plenty of things can happen in seventeen days. But nothing has happened so far.

**For the Ice Mission.** The Times-Dispatch has received \$5 from Joseph M. Rosebath for the Ice Mission.

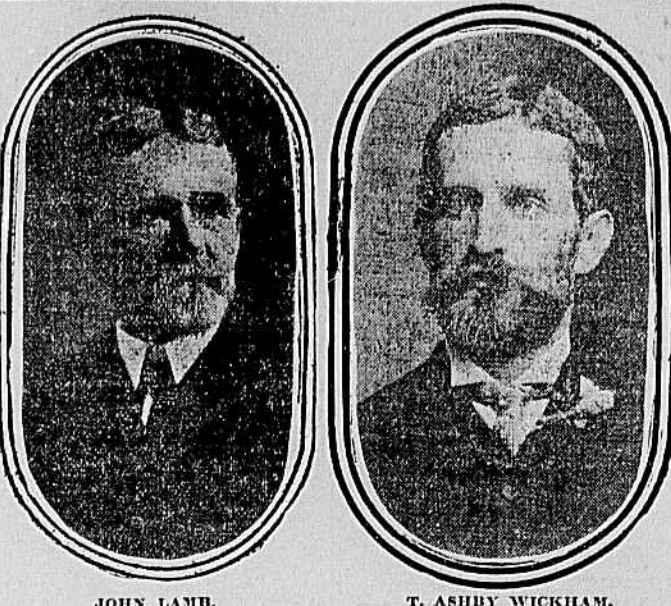
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## Making Dignified Fight



JOHN LAMB.

T. ASHBY WICKHAM.

## TELLS OF HER TROUBLES WITH GAS DEPARTMENT

Miss Keiley Relates How She Paid Bill Meter-Reader Said Wasn't Due, and Then Had Gas Supply Cut Off by City.

The Times-Dispatch has received the following letter from Miss Keiley, 400 North Second Street, with the request that it be published:

"As a court of last resort—and I mean every word of it—I beg you will give a prominent place in the issue of tomorrow to the facts I am about to state. Last month the official who took the state of my meter said: 'You will have no bill to pay this time, as you have not used enough gas to make out a bill.' Imagine my surprise a few days ago, when, on answering a bang on my front door, a man said in a rude voice: 'You have not paid your gas bill, and this is the last day. You'd better pay it.' 'I have had no gas bill,' I said, and was told by the man who took the state of my meter that I had not used enough gas to make out a bill.

"Well," he said, 'you'd better pay it or the gas will be turned off.' 'How can I pay a bill,' I said, 'that does not exist?' In the same rude tone he said:

## CALLER OFFICER TO KILL MAD DOG

Penned Up in Wood Shed, Where Policeman's Bullet Ended Fear of Rabies.

After showing evidence of the rabies, a black and tan terrier belonging to a negro woman living in the rear of 111 East Clay Street, was shot and killed by Bicycle Policeman Clarke last night. A telephone call came to the Second Station saying that the dog was mad and asking that an officer be sent to kill him. Officer Clarke, who had just splintered the broken leg of a dog run down by a street car, went to the house and was led to a small woodshed. The woman had managed to throw a rope over the dog's head and get him in the shed. Inside the apparently mad animal was howling and running about, and the officer cautiously opened the door a little way and peered in. The dog ran to the door, but the officer transixed him with his pocket searchlight, and the animal stood still. Holding the dog's eye with the searchlight, Clarke shot him with his revolver. Then he opened the door, and the dog ended its suffering with a second shot.

**Made Attack on Two.** He learned that two people had been bitten on Saturday by this dog, but neither had been harmed. One was a man and the other a child. The dog's teeth did not go through the clothing. The dog then began gnawing on the fence and everything he could lay his teeth on, and his owner, thoroughly frightened, decided that he was mad and had him killed.

To-day the dog catchers will go through the city seeking all of the four-footed friends of man that do not carry the proper insignia of ownership around their necks. All dogs, yellow, black, white or green, big and little, valuable or valueless, will be taken in if they have not medals. It will be hard on the little curs that never saw an owner nor ever had an honest meal, but they must go. And the end of all, unless the owner, if there be one, comes forth and pays the necessary license, will be the same—the common end of all man and dog alike.

## ALDERMEN MEET TONIGHT

Closing of City Dock Will Be Strongly Opposed by Council.

The Board of Aldermen will hold a special meeting to-night to concur in the action taken by the Common Council, which instructed City Attorney Pollard to appear before the State Corporation Commission to resist the effort of Triggs ship yard bondholders to close the city dock. Acting on a bill which went through the last session of the Legislature without attracting any special local attention, the bondholders have petitioned the commission to give it the right to drain the dock and fill it in. The hearing was expected to be held to-morrow, but as Chairman Prentiss is in Europe the matter will not be considered until September.

Recently a meeting was held at the Chamber of Commerce, at which the petition was opposed. Mayor Richardson and City Attorney Pollard were among the speakers. Subsequently the Mayor sent a message to Council urging it to take action, and a resolution was unanimously adopted directing the City Attorney to fight the petition.

The petition to close the dock was filed by Richard Evelyn Byrd, counsel for the Triggs bondholders.

**Some Sunday Arrests.** Sam Carter, colored, was arrested yesterday on a charge of stealing a pair of shoes from B. Pettico.

Heater Branch, colored, was arrested on a charge of breaking into the home of E. Taylor, 607 Creek Street, and stealing therefrom a coat.

Martha Gordon, colored, was arrested on a charge of running a crap game at 417 Williams Street.

## SOME BIG THINGS AT POLICE PICNIC

Five Hundred Gallons of Stew, With Loaves and Fishes on the Side.

MANY SPORTING EVENTS

After Playing Chef "Pop" Redford Will Imitate Art of Wrestler Gotch.

Far from the madding crowd's ignominious strife and away from the bustle and noise of the dusty streets, the police force will meet in a feast, to wit, food and fun in the State Fair Grounds on Wednesday, and will welcome as many of their friends among the citizens as have the necessary bit of pastboard. The price of the pastboard is not asked for mercenary desire, but for the funds of the Police Benevolent Association, the proceeds of which go to pension retired and disabled officers, who, through long years of service, have "seen their duty and done it."

The funds of the association are steadily growing, but still fall far short of the actual needs of the department. Therefore, the association has detailed certain number of men to go forth upon the streets and cry the warm welcome, the feast and the fun which await all comers on the glad day when the police will be at the picnic to amuse. "Baby" Redford's Brunswick stew will be such as to charm all who taste thereof, to awaken memories of Brunswick stew in the country, when one was a boy and had never seen a bluecoat, or of the delight of wielding a three-foot baton and saying, "Please move on."

**Five Hundred Gallons.** The pot holds 500 gallons of stew, into which goes everything grown of man, all roots and herbs that Redford has ever heard of, juicy meats, a touch of wine, seasoning to tickle the palate of the most epicurean. For Redford knows how to manufacture this stew as no man before or since his coming into the limelight as chef has known how to make it, and as no man after he has cooked his last will know how to mix the ingredients and the condiments. It is said that Redford was once offered a position as chef in one of the leading hotels in Paris, but that he refused because he was unable to leave his beloved Richmond.

And besides the stew there will be thousands of ham and tongue sandwiches, thousands of loaves of bread, even several hundred fishes to feed the hungry. And there will be barrels of soda water and other soft drinks. Interposed with the food will be a large and a small number of athletic contests. Half the force in fasting in anticipation of the big feed, so that it may not be necessary to loosen belts to the last notch.

**Gladiatorial Combats.** And beyond and above all this, the dog will be interspersed with gladiatorial combats, with foot races, motorcycle races, automobile races, wrestling matches and a baseball game. "Pop" Redford will discard his white chef suit to don the robe of the mat and try three falls with any challenger who may answer his challenge.

"Pop" weighs something over 300 pounds, and dares any heavyweight, any disciple of Gotch, to come forward and try him for a throw. He can wrestle as well as cook. Sergeant Sherry has taken up the challenge to "Pop" Redford, and the two will meet in the ring at 3:30 o'clock.

The members of the bicycle corps will join in a race around the track. Samuels, the long and lanky, will go to the mat with Bob Bryant for the best two out of three. "Nolay" Kellam will be on hand with his never-failing grin, his ready wit and his "That's all, boys, to give an exhibition of how he traced Shuffle-footed Smith to his lair and caught him with the goods on."

**Some Other Events.** John "Box" Wiley will give a few private lessons, and Sergeant Bailey, another member of the police force, one of the department's renowned wrestlers, will try a few with Sergeant Sowell, who has achieved fame on the same lines. Major Werner will be his honor, the umpire, at all events.

The baseball game between the two districts will be called at 3:30 o'clock. "Pop" Tate will captain the Second District, and "Red" Warriner will lead the First nine to the mortal fray. And the day will be full of gladness, for the children of the city, little children playing in the sun, free from carping care and thoughts of the morrow, and the simoleons for the P. E. A. will roll into the coffers like golden rain.

## WRITE ON WET DAYS

Dry, Hot Sunday Doesn't Add Much to Postman's Work.

"If it had rained to-day like it did last Sunday," said a post-office carrier-collector last night, "the Monday collections from the boxes about town would have been enormous, but as it was hot and people wanted to be out, or at least comfortably, I judge that there was comparatively little letter-writing. That is usually the case. Last Sunday the rain kept everybody in doors, afternoon and evening. From the collections the next morning they must have spent the time at a writing table, and there would probably have been a large number of letters with stamps. A rainy Sunday invariably means an extra amount of letters. It may be that way the world over."

There was once a lawyer down in North Carolina who said that if he didn't answer a letter in three days he let it go, a rule which many others doubtless follow. But I expect if we got at the real facts as to this rainy Sunday correspondence we would find that most of the letters were burning with love and all that sort of thing. Women are the greatest rainy day writers, which is easily determined by the handwriting on the envelopes, and seems to be their big day—provided they don't get out."

**Fluid Owner of Ring.** The diamond ring recovered in a pawnshop several days ago by Captain McMahon is said to belong to a woman named Georgie Witten, of Lynchburg. She will come here to-day to identify it. The ring was valued at \$250.

**Commissioners to Meet.** The Board of Police Commissioners will probably meet to-night to elect a man to fill the vacancy on the force caused by the death of Sergeant Brooks. It is said to be probable that a sergeant will not be appointed at this meeting.

## SAMUEL T. MORGAN BIG "O" OPTIMIST

Can't See How Calamity Howlers Can Talk About Depression.

COUNTRY IS PROSPEROUS

President Virginia-Carolina Chemical Gives Views on Trade Before Sailing.

Discussing the other day the efforts being made by bear traders to depress American securities, Samuel T. Morgan, president of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, who has been called to Europe on important business, declared that he is a big "O" optimist because conditions justify that view. Mr. Morgan does not believe that the country is facing any financial crisis during the period of summer dullness on the market. On the other hand, he takes the ground that the outlook was never so bright and that prosperity among the agricultural people points to a still greater era of prosperity in all lines.

**No Cause for Alarm.** Asked for his opinion, Mr. Morgan said:

"Our companies last year paid for cottonseed the highest price it has commanded in its history. Our output was enormous, astonishing even to the directors of this company, especially in America, where has been the least of our trade. It is a fortunate business year of prosperity, ending the last day of May. Since then it has enormously increased and is the greatest business in that line ever done in the history of America, and that means the world."

"I owe me something that comes nearer to being representative of the financial condition of a great mass of producing members of the American Commonwealth, and I will admit that I am mistaken; but until I find commodities that go closer to their prosperity, I am not going to say anything about the prosperity of this country than cottonseed and fertilizer. I am going to keep right on believing that America is now the most astonishingly prosperous country the world has ever seen."

The use of cottonseed oil products, which was largely confined to Europe until a few years ago, is advancing with tremendous strides in this country. We can see, of course, that some people will argue right away from this that a large class of Americans are too poor to buy dairy products, for which cottonseed products are a part substitute. That's not true, and any one can figure out its falsity in an instant.

**Forced to Pay Dearly.** "People who are buying any product in overwhelming quantities of a commodity, a large and a small number, us crack our back to meet their demand, forcing us to pay almost what is asked for the raw material, cottonseed, are not beggars seeking bargains, but business men bidding for a necessity of their trade."

"I must eliminate the dairy product substitutes and consider only that part of our trade in the cottonseed product which goes to the agriculturist for his business purposes, and we find that the farmer is working hand and foot, not for necessity, but to meet the demand upon him for his products. Agricultural products are still the force that keeps the balance of trade with us. In spite of the great development of American machine making. When our farmers are all crowded with profitable production, getting for their products the highest prices in the world, the history of the world, there must be a very fat and prosperous general community to supply such purchasers, and general business must be in a most delectable condition to produce and conserve such a community."

"I have just been called to Europe by a cablegram which makes a peremptory demand for my presence there, and I have had the satisfaction of sending to our stockholders a statement showing that our joint business in cottonseed products and fertilizers, which had an increase of \$1,140,000 in 1909, has shown an increase of \$5,610,000 above the previous year for 1909-10. It will be pretty hard work to make a pessimist of me."

**Why He's An Optimist.** "I am an optimist because in all my life and all my reading I never yet saw a country whose agricultural classes were so rich as ours at the present time. I have seen the most glittering splendid prices for everything they produce, that was not fundamentally and positively prosperous. Our fertilizer output adds to this argument, for that trade is in a most healthy condition, and for the year ending May 31st we have the greatest in our history. In the usual course of events this would be our slack season, but it has been a very busy one because the farmers are affluent with capital and are planning and ordering ahead for their fall and winter work, and advance orders are far beyond anything we ever have known."

"This means all over the United States, every word of it, and it is all fact, a substantial thing that no mere fluctuations of market quotations can controvert."

## Not Rocchiccioili, Just Lu Rock

Chevalier Louis Will Ask Legislature to Amputate Part of His Name.

For business, rather than personal reasons, Chevalier Louis Christopher Rocchiccioili will ask the General Assembly at its next session to amputate a part of his name. It is too long. Though business is good with the Chevalier, he figures that it would be better if it could be easily said over the telephone, and being a wise man he wants something short. Lu Rock will probably be decided on.

The Chevalier's name is pronounced just as it is spelled Rockycharley, though few would ever think so if they lacked a touch of local color. Then again, people have been in the habit of calling him Mr. Rockefeller. Then others call him Mr. Rocke, some Louis, some Chevalier and others dub

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## COURT OF INQUIRY RUNABOUT TRIED TO CLIMB A TREE

Report Reaches Military Circles That Alleged Factionalism Will Cease.

While the official report has not been made public, it was said in military circles yesterday that the court of inquiry, ordered at the request of Corporal C. F. Martin, Company A, Richmond Light Infantry Blues, to consider charges preferred by Captain McDowell that he was unfit for military service, had unanimously acquitted Martin, and had let it be understood that factionalism, which is alleged to exist in the ranks, would not be found hereafter.

Corporal Martin was some time ago discharged "for the good of the service" by Captain McDowell, but, upon investigating the charges against him, Major Bowles, commanding, reinstated him. Then came the charges of unfitness, incompetency and inefficiency as an officer. But Corporal Martin got 100 per cent for drill attendance through an enlistment of two and a half years, and was regarded by other men in the same company as an efficient soldier and good officer. The root of the trouble is said to lie in disagreements extending over some period of time between the men, and the resulting creation of two factions, which he much opposed to each other. The last two years two courts have been held for this company, either of inquiry or martial, acquittal resulting for all concerned.

After the charges had been preferred against him by Captain McDowell, Corporal Martin requested that a court of inquiry be held, and his character might be clearly established. There were numerous witnesses summoned in his behalf, many of them being private citizens, who all testified as to his good character and general uprightness.

**Took Carbolic Acid.** Laura Davis, colored, attempted to commit suicide yesterday morning by taking carbolic acid in her home, at 213 North Second Street. One of the city ambulance, responded to the call, and the woman's life was saved. She gave no reason for her suicidal attempt.

## DEATH CALLS ON NIGHT WATCHMAN SECOND STATION HAS FIRE SCARE

John Loving Rescued From Thirteen-Foot Ditch Into Which He Had Fallen.

Death laughed at John Loving (colored) early yesterday morning, and then let him go with the reminder that he would call again one day, after John had been drawn out of a thirteen-foot ditch on Seventeenth Street, into which he had fallen.

Loving is night watchman, and guards the lamps strung along the ditch to warn passers-by of the cavernous depth which yawns beneath them. One of his lamps had gone out, and when he went to light it again he fell into the ditch. Soft earth at the bottom saved him from unconsciousness, perhaps death, and he was able to call for help, which he did right lustily.

Some one heard a voice proceeding, apparently, from the bowels of the earth, and at first didn't know whether to run or look. Bravery gained the day over personal fear, and the man investigated.

"Hyar me," said the voice, as the cautious tread of the man above was heard. "Hyar me down in de ditch. Done fell in. Lordy, please git me out'n here."

Several people then came along, and John, muddy, scared and maddened, pulled forth. He was trembling like an aspen leaf, and the city ambulance, with Dr. Turman in charge, was called. Dr. Turman found that the negro was not much hurt, and, after giving him water for his bruises and nerves, left him to continue his vigil.

John was profuse in his thanks for being saved from possible burial by falling earth, and said he would be more careful hereafter how he approached the sides of the treacherous ditch.

**Hay in Stable at Rear Began to Blaze, but Was Quickly Extinguished.**

Prompt discovery of the flames saved the Second Police Station from being destroyed by fire, or at least from serious damage, early yesterday morning, when a lot of hay in the stable was found burning.

Policeman Perkinson happened to come back to the stable and saw smoke issuing forth. He rushed into the office of the station, calling to Bicycle Policeman Clarke to pull the alarm box, as the station-house was at 4:55 o'clock, and then the officers rushed to the rear, where they found several bales of hay and feed and the sides of a sort of stall in which the feed is kept on fire. They went to work with chemicals kept in the station for such emergencies, and with buckets of water, and thought they had the fire extinguished. But as one of the men turned the hay over with a pitchfork it flared up to the ceiling and again threatened to break out seriously. But a chemical wagon sent by the department arrived just then, and the fire was soon put out.

A horse was in the stall adjoining, but not flinched, though the flames were shooting up over his head. He was led out and stood still while the firemen worked.

Practically no damage except the loss of a little hay was inflicted. The bales of hay, and the hay made here by the stall were badly scorched, as was the ceiling. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Negro Boy Turned Switch and Then Disappeared as Car Dashed Away.

An electric runaway which the owner left in Franklin Street, near Second Street, yesterday afternoon while he went in to dinner performed some stunts which were highly undignified and damaging. While it stood there at peace toward all the world, a little negro boy came along and turned the switch or crank or something, and instantly the car began to hustle along. It ran a couple of blocks, and then decided, of its own free will and accord, to try the sidewalk, which offered better going. Meanwhile a crowd of people on porches gazed on admiringly at the nerve of the thing, but after traveling half a block on the sidewalk the machine decided to climb a tree. It didn't exactly climb it, but there was damaged enough to halt its wanderings. The damage was not total, but another car had to be summoned to tow the disabled one to a garage.

When he saw what he had done the boy raced away from the scene before he could be caught and turned over to the police. He belongs to that element which is continually giving automobile people trouble and annoyance by blowing horns while the owners are away. He evidently knew how to make the car start, for he expected it to do so very often, and was on his way, going yonder, before the people nearby realized that the little runaway was on the jump.

## TOYS WITH RATTLESNAKE

**Charles Banich in Hospital, and Bile May Prove Fatal.** New York, July 24.—Charles Banich, 35, a pet rattlesnake to-day, and as a result is in Bellevue Hospital seriously poisoned. In striking at a mouse yesterday he held out by Banich, the snake missed and buried its fangs in the man's finger. Banich brought the snake from West Virginia ten months ago. Recently he had its poison gland removed and believed it to be harmless. At the Rockefeller Institute serum was injected into Banich's arm and the wound was cauterized, and he was taken to Bellevue for further treatment. It is feared the bite may prove fatal.

## GAMBLE ON CENSUS

Pools Being Made on Population of Richmond for 1910.

Although the census figures for Richmond may not be given out for a month or more, pools and bets are made here by those with gambling proclivities, the guesses running all the way from 150,000 down to 112,500, which was about the count given by the Board of Health a year or two ago. One hundred and thirty thousand is the popular prediction, though many estimates ran below that mark.

"I am just a bit afraid," said a citizen yesterday, "that some of us will be disappointed over the return simply for the fact that we have speculated as we hoped. You can count on this, however: If the figures are too low you are going to hear the greatest howl that ever shook these hills. For my own part, I believe the work was carefully performed by the census people, yet I hope for their sake that Richmond will get the natural gain in population that most of us expect. The few figures given out heretofore by the government were gratifying to the communities interested. Let us hope that will be the case when we get our count."

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